Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. This seems extraordinary; but it is absolutely true.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, M. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

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Capital, \$200,000: Surplus, \$25,000.

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This bank is also authorized to Execute Truste, act as Acents for Corporations, Associations and Individuals. Acts as Registrar of Stock-Bonds, etc., of Corpo-rations. Receives Deposits and Allows Interest Thereon. Loans Negotiated.

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Work executed promptly and in a first-class manuer.

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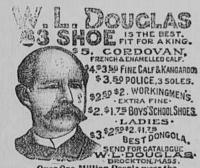
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General Office 112% Jefferson St., Opposite Terry building. Hours—8 to 10 a.m. and 3 to 4 p.m. Telephone 249.

Office for Ladies 121 Eighth Ave S. W. (Ferry Hill).

Hours from 12 m. to 2 p. m. Telephone 235.
Accommodations a Rebekah Santariam for surgical esses, diseases of women and nervous diseases.



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W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are unitered, sentimped on sole. From St its \$10000 over other mekes.

MEALS & BURKE. 38

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Wedding bouquets and designs, fine roses and cut flowers. Largest area of glass in the South. Mail and telegraph or-; ders promptly at-tended to?

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Sanitary Plumbing.

Steam and Hot Water Heating

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Estimates made on all kinds of work at figures to correspond

DEAR OLD MOTHER

Day after day I see her climb the stair, My dear old mother, to the attle room.

As the a tryst to keep with some one there,
She sits within the anise-scented gloom.

You are so young that you would smile to see The queer old things her wrinkled hands un-fold; Moth-caten, worn, and yet endeared to me. Because she loves them so who now is old.

With dust upon her gown, her cap awry, Silent she sits in her rush-bottomed chair, Her dim eyes searching for the days gone by Midst those odd things that she has garner

To-day I went to her. A summer rain Fell softly on the shingles overhead. I spoke to her; she called me by the name Of one she loved, a daughter long since dead

With tears upon my cheeks I turned away. A bit of silken hair was in her hand, And as she smoothed it out. I heard her say: "I have forgot, but God will understand.

"She was my child, and this her shining hair. Sometimes I seem almost to see her face. We laid her in the earth, I think, somewhere, I have forgot, but God doth know the place." As motionless I stood there by the door.
I heard, and yet I heard not, what she said;
A patch of sunlight lay upon the floor,
And soft the summer rain sung overhead.

The thought went through my heart, how I would miss

My mother's faitering footfall on the stair;
What if to-day I could not stoop and kiss
That blessed face and sorrow-whitened hair.

Could it be near that empty, pulseless day? (For when it comes, God help the child she

bore.)
And then I put the chilling thought away,
Let down the latch and shut the creaking

-N. Y. Independent.

A RACE FOR A CLAIM.

How a Bright Wheelman Beat Old Man Turpit.

A trunk full of books and a bicycle made rather a queer outfit to start a farm with, but they were all I had when I settled in the Jim River valley. Of course I did not buy them for that purpose, but I happened to have them, and not much else, when I left school and went west for my

That country was just beginning to attract settlers then, and liking the looks of the level prairies clad in a mat of "blue-joint" as tall as a man's head, I lost no time in filing a pre-emption on the best quarter section I could find. I had my pick for miles up and down the river when I filed in August, but before winter settlers came in with a rush and sod shanties and dugouts dotted the prairie in all directions. Still there was plenty of land, and nearly every settler filed his preemption on one quarter while he reserved another one hundred and sixty acres adjoining to be taken as a homestead after he had lived on his preemption the six months required by law before he could "prove up," which was necessary before filing a homestead.

It was too late in the season for "breaking" when I reached Dakota, and as I should have little use for a team before the next spring, I thought it wise not to have any live stock to feed during the long winter. The idea of a man running a farm with a bicycle was very amusing to some of my neighbors. My bookish notions, too, were not considered good form among a pioneer people, and I soon became known far and wide as "that college dude with a wheel." This amused rather than annoyed me, for I got along very nicely and derived no end of practical use and enjoyment from both books and wheel. I built a sod shanty like the rest, hired a neighbor to haul a stove and a quantity of provisions from the nearest town, and began keeping house. Once or twice a week I wheeled twenty miles to this same town for my An old stage road running up and down the river passed within one hundred yards of my door, and no-where in the world, I think, was there ever a finer road for wheeling. There were no ruts, no mud or stones, or sand-nothing but two broad paths, as smooth almost as an asphalt pavement, and as springy and noiseless as only a track made of tall grass pounded down into a tough, firm sod can be. Wagon wheels did not cut through and make a narrow rut, but played here and there over a breath of two feet or more on each side of a slim strip of standing "blue-joint." Coming back from town one day a

gruff old fellow who held a claim a mile north of mine-"old man Turpit" everyone called him—eame up behind me with a lively team of four-year-olds. I never liked the old chap any too well, and it was plain that he had nothing but contempt for me and my

"Why don't ye give that thing away and git ye a hoss o' some account?" he called out as he rattled up.

"Oh, this suits me very well," I replied, banteringly. "I like a horse that doesn't eat hay and onts, you know."

The old man gave a sniff of contempt, and popping the whip over his colts, cut out into the tall grass to pass me. But somehow he didn't get past, though he whipped and shouted till the air was fairly blue; and when I whirled in at my place and raised my cap to him as he raced past, he was so mad that he wouldn't even look that

There were two fine quarter-sections lying along the bank of the river belying along the bank of the river between my claim and that of my neighbor, Hans Larson, a big-hearted, big-fisted Norwegian with whom I often changed work. Turpit never tired of chaffing him for changing work with "that soft-handed dude;" but Hans only laughed good naturedly at the suggestion that I was getting the long end of the bargain. He could easily do

as much work as two like me.
"Dot's all right!" he would say.
"He'll make dat opp some odder vay

Hans and I meant to take these two quarters as homesteads, but we could not prove up on our preemption before the breaking season the following spring, and as settlers came flocking in we began to fear that some one spring, and as settlers came flocking in we began to fear that some one might get ahead of us. There was no and dropped behind to strike a match.

law, save an unwritten one that had been quite generally respected, entitling a settler to hold a claim like this, to which he had no shadow of title. While claims were plenty, no land-seeker cared to incur the enmity of his new neighbors by jumping one of this sort; but when the good land was mostly taken, settlers became less scrupulous. Turpit's eldest son, a beardless youth whom no one believed to be more than eighteen, filed on the prospective claim of one of my neighbors, making oath before the register that he was over twenty-one years of age in order to do so. A few weeks later Hans and I saw old man Turpit tramping over our homesteads. went out to see what he was doing, but he hurried off when he saw us coming in a way that aroused our suspicions.

I went hunting prairie chickens next day, and came across the Turpit boys hauling hay. In the course of our conversation one of them said they were going out for a big hunt in a week or so, when two of their cousins came out from Missouri. That made it pretty plain to Hans and I what the old man had been viewing our intended claims for, and we watched the stage as it passed our places each afternoon with much anxiety. A week later the stage stopped near Turpit's place to leave two passengers. That very evening, just at dusk, we saw Turpit with two young fellows walking along the river, evidently taking a look at our homesteads.

That settled it with us. We could file tree claims at any time and hold the land in spite of them, and we meant to start for the land office, sixty miles away, the next day for that purpose. I was to stay at Hans' cabin that night, for his team was heavy and slow and we would need to start very early if we reached the land office in time to file our claims. The rumble of a passing vehicle startled us as we were eating supper, and, hurrying to the door, to our consternation, we saw Turpit's spring wagon with three men in it going at a lively pace toward the land office.

land office.

"Shiminy cracky!" gasped 'Hans,
"dey is after dat lant, sure as you're
born't! Dey'll beat us dere, too!"

"Beat us! I guess they will!" I
echoed in dismay. "Your old mags
could not begin to keep up with Turpit's, let alone overtaking them," and
we went back to finish our supper in
anything but a contented frame of anything but a contented frame of mind. There was no use in hitching up and starting then, as Hans sug-gested. Turpit's team was as fast again as ours, and we berated the old rascal soundly while we finished our raseal soundly while we timshed our meal in gloomy discussion of the subject. Then an idea popped so suddenly into my head that I sent half the dishes rolling on the floor as I sprang up, slapped the astonished Hans on his broad back and danced about his backelor cabin.

"I've got it, Hans!" I shouted. "Got it? I guess you haf, and got it bad, too. Vy, you yump rount like erazy. What ails you?" said Hans.

Without waiting to explain I clapped on my hat and rushed over to my cabin. Quickly donning my wheeling costume I stuffed a lunch of bread and beef in my jacket pocket and, mounting my wheel, whirled off down the stage road. Hans was out to meet me in front of his place, as I knew he would be. He fairly screamed with delight when he saw me coming.

"Dat bicycles! Shiminy cracky! I nef-fer tought off dat! You haf beat Turpit vonce, you can do it again and safe your claim yoost like a mice!" ex-claimed the generous-hearted fellow.

"Yes, and yours, too!" I called out as I slowed up. "Hitch up quick and come on, Hans. I'll have it all fixed when you get there." Hans stared at me as though sure I was crazy now, but I saw him hurrying toward his stable as I rolled away.

Though no racing man, I had taken more than one hundred-mile spin, and with that sixty miles of level, springy track ahead of me I made up my mind that 'Turpit's four-year-olds would have to let out an extra link or two of speed if I did not reach the land office as soon as the old man. The night was noonless but as light as stars could make it. The path showed up plain and smooth, and with no danger of headers I bent low over the handles of my tall Columbia, for that was before the

days of safeties.
"Now's the time to show your metal, old boy!" I said aloud, as I patted the neck of my silent steed.
"You've never failed me yet, but we've "You've never failed me yet, but we've never tackled this kind of a job before." My own spirits seemed to animate the lifeless steel and rubber that sent me bounding forward with fresh speed in response to each pressure of the pedals. There were no hills to speak of, but just enough swell here and there to relieve the strain of steady pedaling. Turpit had a good hour's start. I struck into a steady, even pace but spurted for all that was in me whenever I came to the least in me whenever I came to the least down-grade. Silently and swiftly I sped on and into the night. Unless the old man was driving like the furies I knew I must be gaining on him-but that was the way he usually drove. Five, ten, twenty miles of that prairie road I left behind before my ears caught the rumble of his wagon. Idid not run up too close lest they should see me, but came near enough to catch much of their conversation, which was well interspersed with references to "that dude," followed invariably by peals of laughter.

"Then their claim'll be worth all of a thousand apiece in less'n a year," I heard the old man say.

"I hope they will," I chuckled to my-self, as I rolled along in their wake. Turpit, thinking himself past all danger of pursuit, allowed the four-year-olds to settled down to a slow trot, which sheekened to a walk at every little grade. I found it easy enough to keep pace with them; so easy in fact that I had to use my brake more than once to avoid coming too plainly into view as the old man wheeled sud-

midnight, and I spurted ahead to eatch up again. If I had been a teamster myself I should have been more cantious, for I know that a little creek crossed the road at the bottom of a "draw" not far ahead. But my horse never had to stop to drink, and won-dering why it took me so long to come within hearing of them again, I rolled up to the very brink of this draw to see Turpit watering his team at the bottom—not a hundred yards away. Like a flash I flopped down into the tall grass, wheel and all.

"W hat's that?" I heard one of the

young fellows say.

"Oh, nothin but an owl or a coyote," answered Turpit, who did not dream that a silent shadow was trailing him so closely.

"Don't give 'cm too much now, Tom," I heard him tell the young man who handled the bucket. "There's another creek about ten miles ahead; we'll stop there to water again and feed a bit."

I was glad enough to hear that. It might give me the chance to pass them that I had been looking for for the last three hours. I might as well have tried to run through a hedge fence as to cut out on the open prairie through that tall grass and flank them, as I should have done had the ground been clear.

If I remembered rightly, the next creek was dry where the road crossed it, with a water hole a dozen rods up stream. I allowed them to get a good start before picking myself and wheel up out of the grass, and was careful to keep well in the rear for several miles. As we neared the creek, however, I closed up and crept along as close to the old man's heels as I dared. Yes, my memory had not failed me, and I felt the blood leap through my veins as the team went down into the draw

and I saw Turpit pull out of the road toward the water hole.

I knew it would be by the merest scentch if I got past without being seen, but it was a chance that I dared not miss, and, putting on my best speed, I shot down through the little hollow and up the other side before the ways of the the wagon came to a standstill. They would have been sure to hear me had I waited until they stopped, and as it was I saw both the young fellows turn their heads when I rattled through the gravelly bed of the creek. I expected nothing less than shouts and a lively pursuit, but none came, and, knowing that I had the game in my own hands then, I nibbled my lunch as I wheeled

Sleepy, tired and sore enough, but with the papers made out all ready to file my tree claim on the four forties bordering the river-I knew Turpit's friends would not want the remaining forties without the water-I was the first man to enter the door when the land office opened the next morning. I was none too soon either, for I had barely pocketed the receipt for my entry fee, when Turpit and his friends came in. Wishing to see the fun, I stood behind a door in the receiver's window. The young fellows quickly handed in two pre-emption fillings. The register look pre-emption fillings. handed in two pre-emption filings. The register looked at the number and shook his head.

"You're just about five minutes too late," said he. "Four of these forties have just been taken."

"Which forties and who filed on 'em?" bellowed Turpit, his big face purple with rage and astonishment.

The register gave him the numbers and my name. The old man nearly fell over when he heard it, and the three went outside to heap maledietions on the head of "that darned

"That was him we heard on the road, I'll bet a hoss, uncle," of the young fellows; "and he passed us at that there dry creek!"

Hans arrived about noon, and at my

suggestion immediately filed upon the back forties. "Now, Hans," said I, "when we prove up we will divide the land be-

tween us as we intended at first." "Shiminy cracky! Dat bicycle!" ex-nimed the big fellow, his fat sides shaking with uncontrollable laughter.
"She's de boy vot done de business. I

guess Turpit don't laugh some more

hey?"-Myron B. Gibson, in L. A. W. Bulletin. about my shanging vorks vid von

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Rose pink is the most fashionable color now for young girls' evening

Morre silk petticoats, lined with horsehair, are employed to keep the dress skirts well spread out at the STYLISH theater capes are of red per-forated cloth, over black moire silk,

with garnitures of black ostrich feather bands. CLOCKS, photograph frames, trays and writing desks of the pretty Dresden china are very popular when decorated with violets.

Chiffon corsages, shirred in narrow lengthwise puffs, with headings of the chiffon, are very becoming to slender, girlish figures.

BLACK chiffon veils are protections from sharp winds, and are quite popular with cloth gowns, especially for morning shopping.

WHILE dress bonnets are as tiny as it is possible to make them, hats are extremely large, and are laden with tips the long plumes falling in the back al-

most to the shoulders.

A stylish little frock, for a girl of ten, is made of blue serge, with skirt, coat and vest trimmed with bands of white cloth. The revers are faced with white, and white pearl buttons trim the

HEAVY cord, fully an inch and a half around, and covered with velvet of a contrasting color, or to match the dress, is set into the bottom of skirts to keep the fullness in the desired folds.

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS.

ARMENIAN Protestants in Turkey raised \$57,000 last year for the support of their churches and schools.

The total adult membership of the Protestant churches in Japan at the close of 1893 was 37,398, an increase for the year of 1,864.

REV. Dr. GUNNISON, of Worcester, Mass., has declined the presidency of St. Lawrence university, which was recently offered to him. ARCHBISHOP KOZLOFFSKI, Metropoli-

tan of the Roman Catholics in Russia, has just received from the ezar a cros adorned with diamonds.

Mon. DE BRIEY, bishop of Meaux, the see once held by Bossnet, has gone into bankruptcy. He had indorsed the paper of too many of his facil.

Cumberland's Great Trick.

On the journey from Vienna to St.
Petersburg, Cumberland, the wellknown anti-spiritualist and thought
reader, entertained his fellow-passengers by guessing their thoughts. One of the travelers, a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing for a hoax, offered to pay Cumberland the sum of fifty rubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Cumberland acceded to his request, and said "You are going to the fair at Nizhni-Novgorod, where you intend to pur-chase goods to the extent of twentythousand rubles, after which you will declare yourself a bankrupt and com-pound with your creditors for three per cent." On hearing these words the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential nwe. He then, without uttering a syllable, drew out of the leg of his boot a shabby purse, and handed him the fifty rubles. Whereupon the great magician triumphantly inquired "Then I have guessed your thoughts ch?" "No," replied the Jew, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."—Podmokeer Wochenblatt.

A Yarn of Two Schooners. They were spinning yarns in the

barge office recently.
"I remember that a long while ago there were built in Calais at the same two sister schooners," said Capt. Dim-mock. "They were two-masters and just wike, both handsome vessels for

that day. One of them was named the July Fourth, the other the Fourth of July. They both londed with lumber and sailed out of Calais the same day bound for the same port. They had not been out many days when, in a thick fog, they came into collision. The Fourth of July was smashed to pieces and lost. The July Fourth sur-I see her occasionally."-Portland Press.

Like water off a Duck's Back

-so dirt leaves, when Pearline gets after it. No matter where it is, the easiest, safest, quickest and cheapest way to get rid of it is with Pearline. Washing clothes is Pearline's most most important work. That's because it saves so much wear and tear, as well as labor, by doing away with the rub, rub, rub. But don't lose sight of the

act that Pearline washes everything. Dishes, paint, marble, class, tin-ware, silver, jewelry, carpets, hangings-tl-ere's work to be saved with all of these, by using Pearline.

Bewate Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.



Universally used and recom-mended for Cuts, Burns, Brutses, Colds, Catarrh, Sore Throat, all Pain, Piles and Inflammations.

Genuine in our bottles only, built wrappers. See our name, Pond's Extract Co., New York and Loudon.





It is in the tires and rims that Rambler excellence is most apparent. They are less likely to burst or break than any others, and are most easily and quickly repaired. All styles Rambler Bicycles—\$100. None better at any price—none so good for the same or less. Catalog free. GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,)
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THE GREAT 30th Day BY TREIN OF FRENCHERS A produces the above results in 30 days. It is be powerfully and quickly Chrose we sail others this young men will regain their lost it, alread, and old une will recover their windful view be resulted to the their production of the result of their production of the result in the sail of the results for their production of the result in the production of their production of the results of the sail of t FERENCES REMIED MEDICINE CO., 63 River St., CHICAGO, \$23.

For sale at Roznoke by Johnson & Johnson and Chas. Lyle Brug Co. e 1v

WANTED-MISORILLANGUIE.

WANTED-ONE ROLL-TOP DESK. MUST be cleap Apply at Roanoke Street Heil-way office, Terry building. 3 20 21

A MANOR LADY TO MANAGE DISTRIBUT-the simples, cards, books, circulars. Do cor-respondence. Send Sylvan Company, Detroit Mich, ten cents for samples, soap, No., and set special offer to you.

WANTED-AN UNFUENISHED HOUSE, 6 to to rooms, South of Righth avenue southwest. Address with terms, "XXX," Times 3 26 tf. WANTED, FOR CASH 1.72 AND OVER walnut firsts and second not not good refects. State instellments and prices delivered New York. Address, P. O. Box 2141, New York.

WANTED-A GOOD WORK HORSE FOR STATE BOOTH, over Stewart's furniture store. 324 3t

BOARDING-FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH board if desired. Conveniently lecated No. 327 Campbell avenue continuest. MRS. V. B., MATTHEWS. 324 iw

WANTED TO BUY FOR CASH, A REMington or Smith Premeir Typewriter. Address, with particulars, EOX 31, Roznoke, Va. 315 tr WANTED-ALL YOUR WORK AT THE Swiss Steam Laundry, No. 333 Salem Ave. W. Thone 372.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED.-FOUR GOOD AGENTS FOR Roancke, Good wages to right parties, Call at Read House, room 4.

WANTED-LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO handle the best seller on the market to-day, Experience not necessary. You can easily make \$15 to \$30 weekly. Address "Magic Cleaner," care ROANOKE DAILY TIMES. WANTED-CANVASSERS FOR NORTH Carolina and Virginia, Apply at once at 399 Commerce street, Boanoke, STANDARD INSTALMENT COMPANY.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST.—CERTIFICATE NUMBER '41, FAIR yiew Cometery stock issued to J. II. FEATH-FOR SALE. FOR SALE - GOOD SET OF BAR FIX tures. Apply 110 Salem avenue southwest, 3 20 2w.

FOR SALE -TWO FRESH, YOUNG, PURE bred, Jersey cows. Call on S. C. WOOD, Washington Heights.

FOR SALE.—A CASH REGISTER IN GOOD 3-2-1f.

FOR BENT THREE NICE LARGE ROOMS WITH WATER for light housekeeping for rent. Apply at 259 Campbell avenue southwest. 3-13-tf.

NOTICES OF DISSOLUTION.

Dissolution notice—To whom it may concern. Take notice: The partnership heretofore existing between V. P. Moir and J. C. Moir, is this day by mitual consent dissolved, V. P. Moir buying the goodwill and interest of the said J. C. Moir in and to the stock and fixtures now used at their storeroom. This 28th March, 1845.

3 27 10t J. C. Moir.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCK: holders of the Norwich Lock Manufacturing Company, of Roanoke, Va., will be held at the office of the company in Roanoke, Va., on Monday, April 20, at 4 o'clock p. m. R. J. MORRIS, secretary.

TO SHAREHOLDERS ROANOKE BUILD.

Ing Association and investment Company.—
The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Roanoke Building Association and Investment Company.—
The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Roanoke Building Association and Investment Company will be held on Monday evening, April 15, 1895, at 8 o'clock at the offices of Meests. Penn & Cocke, sight floor of the Terry building, corner Campbell avenue and Jefferson street, Roanoke, Virginia, when an election will be held for president, 2 vice-president, secretary, treasurer and three auditors for the cosming year and three directors for three years and such other business transacted as may properly come before the meeting. D. H. MATSON, president.

3-13 td.

3-13 td.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MERTING OF the stockholders of the Roanoke Street Railway Company wil be held in the Company's office in Terry building, Roanoke, Va., Saturday, April 13, 1895, at 12 o'clirck noor. 3 13 td GEO. C. McCAHAN, Secretary.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF the steckholders of the Romone Electric Light and Power Company will be held in the company's office in Terry building, Rosnoku, Va., Saturday, April 18, 1895, at 1230 o'clock p. m. 318 td GEO. C. McCahan, Secretary.

WAN TALIAFERRO.

Justice of the peace for Rosnoke city
Office No. 110% Moomaw building, on
Jefferson St. between Salemand Campbell avenues. Also represent the Mary. and Life Insurance Co of Baltimore,